The Angel – By Chloe Beard

From the dead that walked among the living,   
Rumors have though been said  
Wait one night for a fright as you crawl into bed  
See an angels eyes, glowing in the dark  
See her disappear into a little spark.  
Remember her face, before she’s gone  
I’d try to save her before her heart was torn  
She’ll come everyday as long as she can  
Later on that night sadly I ran  
I tried to stop the tragedy, but yet there was no luck,  
One night I woke up to see I had nearly been stuck  
Now I can do nothing about the angel who still haunts my room,  
I try to think about something else but still I feel so gloom  
Why oh why has the angel chose me, I’ve wanted to know what does she see  
Still as though a soul covers my home, I feel quite comforted when I am alone,  
Yet it has been a couple of years, at night in my dreams, I dry her tears,  
She says goodbye for the last time, no more visits, no more lies  
Now it has been about a year, the story now is becoming very clear  
She hid with me until the nightmare was over,   
But before she left, she held something in her hands, it was a lucky four leaf clover.   
It still sits in my bed, under the pillow, that’s where the ghost had said.  
I keep this angel a secret from my surroundings, the ghost theory is locked away in boundaries  
I still get on with life like a normal kid should, but in my heart is where she stood.